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THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

"AT seven-thirty this evening," wrote old Hi Sibley in his advance on the charity ball, "some five hundred gentlemen, more or less, will shake the wrinkles from their long tailed coats, brush the moths from their trousers, dig up a billed shirt, discover they are shy a pearl stud, wrangle with a refractory collar, draw a silk hose white tie and gloves, and make themselves look as pretty and as happy as they can and otherwise disguise themselves preparatory to attending the annual Charity ball."

WE walked out and left our pants on in a street car, but fortunately for the propriety of the moment we had another pair on, so we were better off than the five hundred gentlemen, more or less, who went to the charity ball without theirs.

THE incident reminds of an absent minded friend who went home late to dress for a dinner party. When he came down stairs he said to his wife, "Do I look all right?" "Yes," she replied, "you look all right, but you forgot your trousers."

WHOO! WHOO! WHOO!
(Kendallville News-Sun.)
The shades of night were falling fast
When through a rural village
An auto, driven by a gink
Who yelled, while running down a
Chink:
"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

"Gee darn you, halt!" A tin-starred cop
Waved frantically for him to stop.
But did he halt? Yes, he did—not.
And yelled as o'er the cop he shot:
"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

"How 'bout a joy ride?" cried a maid
Who lingered in the evening shade.
A pebble hit her in the eye.
"Aw, oil you hoop, kid! Go an'
die!"
"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

At break of day old Silas Boggs
Got up and went to feed his hogs;
While passing 'neath a gnarled oak,
From far above a faint voice spoke:
"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

A chauffeur, by the hired hand
Was found, hooked by his trousers-band
Securely to a loft limb.
Who groaned as they unfastened
him:
"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"
—JAY S. MILLER.

WE are not as susceptible to the degenerating if not criminal influence of the typographical error as some folks. If we were our hands would be dyed to the elbows in human blood. We have learned by experience that something must be left to the intelligence of the reader.

The Quick and the Dead.
(Dedicated Democrat.)
We are very glad to print all church and lodge announcements, but these should be gotten to the office not later than 10 o'clock in the morning to insure insertion that evening. An early arrival is demanded that they may be set in type and gotten over the printer's way that they may be any rush of live news that may come later in the day.

THE slogan of the season: "SHUT THE DOOR!"

"SPENCER," said counsel for defense of the confessed murderer of the tango teacher, "is a man without a soul." This presents a condition not provided for in the doctrine of immortality.

Why Not Study Precedents?
(Lafayette Journal.)
To win her for a life-long mate
He spared no effort or endeavor;
Declared himself a candidate
Who'd be amenable forever.
To electing him one day
As helper o'er life's thorny hedges
She's gathering facts about the way
Man keeps his pre-election pledges!
—N. P. JONES.

We Refuse to Recognize You.
Sir: What are my pedestrian rights as against an automobile when the sidewalks and driveways are full of snow and I am walking on the street car tracks?
—G. M. H.

Lament.
She never went to college,
To finish up ahead,
She speaks no foreign lingo
Neither sings, plays nor paints,
She never danced the tango
Or wore the gown that's split,
She never played a game of bridge
Or sizzled a pint of tea;
Never had a midnight supper
Never dined in bed,
She never smoked a cigarette
Or drank a drop of booze,
She never saw the X-ray dance,
Never read "Three Weeks"—
Outside of this
She is a nice little girl.
—D. B. H.

WE confess a sense of disappointment due to the display of animal instincts by the justices of the supreme court, who will take their Thanksgiving recess from Nov. 15 to Dec. 1.

The Rivalry Was Great.
(Lafayette Herald.)
Miss Mabel Taylor was the prize in the contest and there was music and conversation, to add to the good time.

Trials of a Cub Reporter.
(Found in His Desk.)
That a gray sweater hidden in a bottom drawer
That a gray sweater nearly new,
which had been hidden in a bottom drawer, found Monday by the Stein Dry Goods Co., will lead to the capture of the men who broke into the store two weeks ago, is the
That a gray sweater nearly new, will lead to a clue that will—
AND now we come to the crucial moment. What has been concealed must be revealed. We can no longer withhold the tidings, the suppression of which has held you in suspense so long.

LET the blow fall quickly and surely.
WE are going away for two weeks.
—C. N. F.

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of *The Perfect Tribute, etc.*

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(Continued from Tuesday.)

The rest of the letter belongs to a later part of the story. That little Pietro Zappi should be led into the narrative by the hand of his closest friend was the object for which the letter was introduced, and that accomplished, the course of history bends back to the quiet Valley Deleamontes and the children growing up under the shadow of the castle towers.

The general sitting in his library the morning after the arrival chronicled in the quoted letter, stared at his old friend from under his heavy brows as if trying vigorously to convince himself of his presence. The marquis, an Italian of North Italy, tall and proud and quiet, had the air more of a student than of a soldier. A little the air, also, of an invalid, for he stooped and walked languidly, and a cough caught him at times. He was talking, on that morning in the library, while the general listened; it was not the usual order of things. Work on the book had been given over; the young secretary had been ordered out to play, and outside, through the open window, one heard the children's voices in shouts and laughter. Alixe and Francois were teaching Pietro to ride. The marquis turned his head toward the window a little as the sounds of gaiety floated in, and smiled gently, and the general frowned ferociously, which meant the same thing.

"So you see, Gaspard," the marquis went on in his quiet reticent way, "that I have believed in our old friendship. I have taken for granted a welcome for my boy—I could not have done it with another man. The voyage to America and my stay there will last it may be a year. I can not take the boy with me—he is too young to travel as I must. His brother died two years ago, his mother is just dead; he is lonely. I could not leave him in Castelforte alone with servants. So I thought of my old friend Gaspard Gourgaud and of what we had suffered together, and how suffering binds people, and I thought of words you said once, Gaspard, that if a time should come when I needed you, no matter when or how, you would be ready. So—though I know that men in general forget and live in the present, and fret to be recalled to dead friendships—yet I dared to believe you were different. I have brought Pietro to leave him with you if you will have him, while I go to America."

simplicity and the heart of his own little girl. But he cleared his throat hurriedly with a bravado of carelessness, and before the marquis could do more than smile at him wistfully, he went on.

"It is all settled; there was no need of a word; Pietro is my son till you claim him from me, and glad enough I am to get him for as long as I may. I have a lien on a very good manner of boy already, your Francois Beaupre, whom I wished to adopt, but the lad would not give up his parents, and that makes me more eager for another. They will play better together and work better together, and they will be a good brace of brothers for my Alixe."

"Your Alixe," the marquis spoke reflectively. "She is a charming person, that little woman of yours."
Again the general looked as if in a terrific rage. "She is the best thing that lives," he announced, and suddenly smiled. "Alessandro, shall I tell you what flashed into my head before you and Pietro had been here an hour?"

"What then?"
"I saw the children—your boy and my girl—together as if lifelong playmates over the big books in the library. And then it came to me that it would be a joy to crown one's life if—later on—He stopped and gazed inquiringly at the calm eyes which met his."

"Yes," the marquis answered quietly. "It would be that—the crown of our friendship, if some day they might love each other."

And with that the general gave a great shout of laughter and leaned forward and seized his friend's hand in a bear's grip.

"It is unbelievable—it is heaven—it is a dream come true that you are here, Alessandro. And here we sit, after all these years, two old soldiers of Napoleon, and instead of talking of campaigns and battles, we plot a marriage like grandmothers. A marriage! Listen to those babies shouting outside over the pony! Such thoughts bind us together from them—saps! And there is indeed plenty of time; they are only babies yet." His voice stopped, but his eyes lingered on the face of the other as if he could not look enough to convince himself of its reality. "Tell me about your journey, Alessandro, as you promised, and why you should go that unheard-of distance, to that vague, just possible country, America, to get land."

So the marquis, sitting in the French castle, with the Jura mountains standing far off as he lifted his eyes, with the summer wind blowing in at the window and the children's voices calling to each other outside, told at length a story of negotiations, of business arrangements, of a tract of land not yet seen which was to become one day of vital importance to those careless children who played the under-storm broke down. He knew, how many followers of the emperor, including his brother Jerome

SHOULD GO CAREFULLY.

The bids for street lighting in South Bend are in, and deserve the most careful, thoughtful consideration of the board of public works, then city council and other officials of the city.

Quite a little reduction as against the rates we are now paying is offered in the new bid of the electric company. Perhaps competition by the gas company has helped to bring this down.

South Bend is entitled to get as good illumination and at as cheap a rate as any city in the country, everything considered. But nothing ought to be done hastily or at haphazard.

The city has collected statistics from other cities. It has inquired as to conditions, as to amount of lights, as to whether they burned all night and the like. These should be made the basis of a scientific comparison.

There should be no difference between a seven ampere alternating current light in Schenectady and one in South Bend. These measures are fixed. They should represent the same amount of light. As to the price, the conditions under which the power is generated is a factor. The basis of regulation of state public utility corporations is generally on the physical valuation—that is on how much money had to be invested to turn out this much current. It would not be easy to determine this, but a pretty fair approximation can be reached.

In some cities conditions have been more favorable than others for cheap production. Perhaps fuel was cheaper, water power at hand. These are all factors in the cost, which must be considered.

It would seem that with the dams here at hand South Bend should get an unusually low rate. But these things can be determined with some degree of scientific accuracy.

On the other hand, if the gas company can furnish as good light and at a better cost, the city should accept their offer. The company's claim that two and a half of its 60 candle power lights give as much light as one of our present street lights should be closely examined. Is 60 candle power the maximum or the average? Does the light run down below that figure? Will the company guarantee the quality of the gas and make suitable rebate to the city if quality or quantity is not forthcoming.

There has been some trouble in other cities about this, it is said. The matter should be gone into carefully and fairly.

The city is making a contract for a five or ten year period. It means the binding the people to pay a considerable sum of money in that time. The officials should keep the people in touch with every stage of the proceedings and should go carefully.

GREAT BRITAIN FRIENDLY.

Premier Asquith has given public assurance of what the American state department has probably had before that Great Britain never contemplated interference with the plans of the United States with respect to Mexico. The public assurance comes a little late, but is nonetheless gratifying.

Great Britain's recognition of Huerta was what aroused indignation in the United States and created the suspicion that the British government was endeavoring for selfish purposes to defeat the American policy, but Premier Asquith explained the act in a plausible manner. He said it was done because Great Britain, having neither the will nor the power to intervene, was bound to deal with the de facto government, and because, according to information then in its possession, there appeared to be no element except that of Huerta and his supporters which offered any prospect of restoration of stability and order.

Confidence was expressed by the premier that whatever policy the American government may adopt it will have regard for the legitimate commercial foreign interests in Mexico as well as its own, and he also declared that the interchange of views between the British and American governments has been marked by the utmost frankness and cordiality on both sides.

The sentiment was expressed by Mr. Asquith that the diplomatic relations between the two countries has been for a long time such that with the freest frankness of discussion on all matters both feel the fullest assurance that nothing can happen to disturb their common resolve to attain and maintain a sympathetic understanding.

CORN AND MEAT.

A bushel of corn is not much but it is just that much more than no corn. It is worth only seventy cents, but seventy cents will supply food for an ordinary family's table for a day. So we may add to our Thanksgiving list of blessings the assurance that the estimate of the country's corn crop is 96,000,000 bushels greater in November than it was in October.

Another cause for thankfulness is—for the producer—that though in the great corn states the crop is 596,000,-

000 bushels less than last year's crop it is worth \$296,000,000 more. The value of the crop last year was estimated at \$1,520,454,000, while the estimated value in November this year is \$1,741,353,019.

The worst sufferers among the corn states are Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Missouri. The average yield in Kansas was a trifle over three bushels an acre, in Nebraska it was only fifteen bushels, in Oklahoma eleven, and in Missouri seventeen and a half bushels. Illinois is short 141,000,000 bushels, Iowa 94,000,000, Ohio 24,000,000 and Indiana 23,000,000 bushels, compared with the yield of 1912.

This decrease in the corn crop presents two serious aspects, the increased cost to the consumer and the decrease in the facilities for preparing stock for market. The individual farmer is also a sufferer though the aggregate crop is worth more than that of last year.

The short crop is likely to have the effect of maintaining high prices for meats, despite the large importations from foreign countries.

DIARY OF FATHER TIME.

It's funny how little folks know about the real personal characters of some of the heroes of long ago. Most all you ever hear about is the battles they fought and won or lost. You'd think they never had a home or knew what it was to love or be loved or even mixed in where things were gay.

There's Paul Jones, for instance. He was something more than a great sea fighter. I remember, after his big battle, he saw some brilliant days in Paris when Queen Marie Antoinette paid him particular attention and invited him to sit beside her at the opera. And you should have seen how all the great ladies in court ran after him. He was some little lady-killer alright, alright, and quite a few of the women seriously lost their hearts to him. He understood all the details and etiquette of a lady's toilet as perfectly as he did the mast, sails and rigging of his ships. He was small in stature, well proportioned, soft in speech, polite and civil but under all appearances of this softness, he was bold, enterprising, ambitious and active.

A Chicago woman was sent to the house of correction for stealing a shirtwaist and a veil to wear at the funeral of her father. She pleaded that she could not go home looking shoddy and had no money to buy the articles. Her pride overcame her scruples. If she had had employment at living wages she need not have been tempted.

In Huerta's estimation consistency is a paste. The election for president was declared unconstitutional, but the congressional election was recognized. Both were held at the same time under the same circumstances.

Mrs. Pankhurst has been in the country several weeks without convincing us that militantism is either the only or the best way of securing the ballot for women in England.

It may be safely assumed that Pres. Wilson will not authorize the shipment of arms into Mexico unless it becomes essential to his plan of restoring peace in that country.

Having a congress of his own and knowing what congresses ought to be, Pres. Wilson simply will not stand for the Mexican aggregation of misfits.

The registration of 4,000 surgeons at the convention in Chicago gives some idea of the magnitude of the industry in which they are engaged.

The prohibitionists are engaged in their favorite pastime of planning a nation-wide campaign. You must hand it to the prohibs, for persistence.

The colonel is talking on half-truths in Buenos Aires. If he is speaking of politics he flatters it.

November is apparently trying to make a weather record, regardless of the demand for it.

Thanks for that additional bushel of corn. See agricultural department's report.

And, besides, the winter weather suggests that some people may not be prepared for it.

Chicago's new chief of police really acts like a new broom.

PINDELL MAY STAY IN THAT DEAR OLD PEORIA

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Pres. Wilson will not appoint Henry M. Pindell of Peoria, Ill., ambassador to Russia.

This was the accepted view of the situation Tuesday following a conference at the White House between Pres. Wilson, Secy. of State Bryan and Mr. Pindell. The latter declined to discuss his interview with the president, but it was evident the conference was highly disagreeable one for him.

Sale of Women's Coats

—at WILHELM'S



Samples and Overlots at decidedly Un-usual Savings.

A timely purchase brings you Bargains early in the season.

\$15.00, VALUE \$18.50

\$18.50, VALUE \$22.50

\$20.00, VALUE \$25.00

Coats at Prices to Interest Women Who Usually Pay More

\$15.00 For warm, satin lined Boucle Coats, kimono sleeves, belted back; navy, light blue and black. Were \$18.50.

\$18.50 For genuine Salt's Arabian Lamb Coats, with large shawl collars; silk frogs; guaranteed satin lining. Or Salt's Astrakhan Cloth Coats, large plush collars; guaranteed satin lining; colors taupe and black; formerly were \$22.50; now \$18.50. Also Salt's Plush Coats in becoming styles.

\$20.00 For Salt's Plush Coats, especially cut and designed for stout or large people, full length, 52 and 54 inches long; large shawl collars; guaranteed satin lining; regular \$25 values.

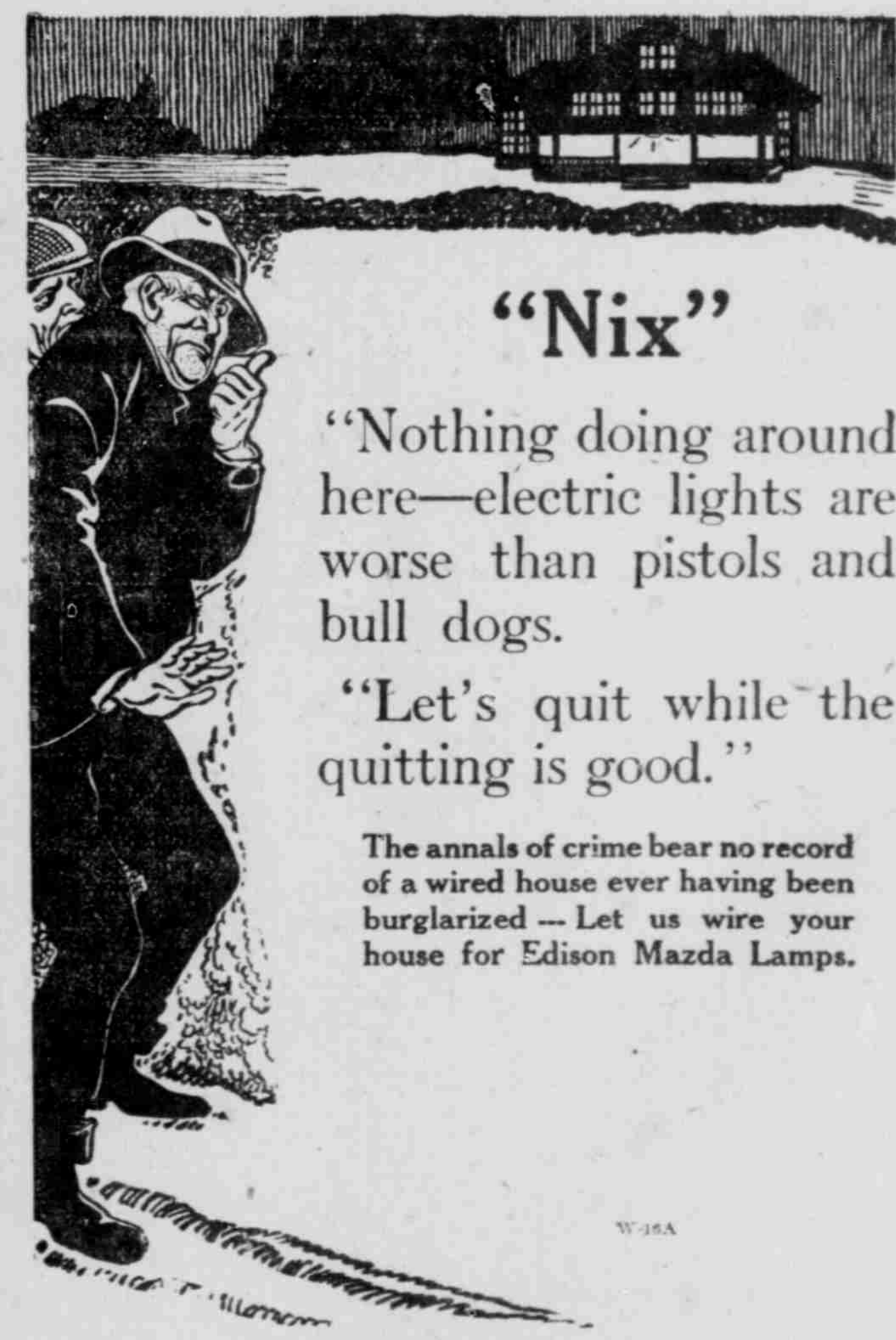
Beautiful Coats, one-of-a-style models, \$25 to \$40

LADIES' READY TO WEAR.

Wilhelm's

CORNER MICHIGAN & JEFFERSON.

Watch Our Windows.



"Nix"

"Nothing doing around here—electric lights are worse than pistols and bull dogs."

"Let's quit while the quitting is good."

The annals of crime bear no record of a wired house ever having been burglarized—Let us wire your house for Edison Mazda Lamps.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 West Colfax Avenue

WHEN HELLER SAYS
IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK